

Drabbles Are Like Snowflakes

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Summary: Because now two are alike. A series of Drabbles/short stories centered around Hiccup Haddock and Jackson Frost. * *Mostly Modern AU* * Story Ideas welcome!

1. Coco Kisses

"Hic! Wait up!" Hiccup Haddock turned around, only halfway down the driveway, and saw his boyfriend running towards him.

Bare feet crouched through the snow and within a few steps Jack was standing in front of him, a cup clutched in each hand.

Holding the thermos out, Jack grinned. "You almost forgot this." Hiccup gasped, green eyes going wide. "My coco!" Taking the offered cup from Jack's hands and bringing it to his lips, he sipped at the scolding drink. "mmh, It's good. Thanks Snowflake."

Jack rolled his eyes at the nickname and took a sip of his own, cold, coco.

Hiccup smirked and dropped a light kiss to Jack's lips. The shorter boy hooked a hand around the back of Hiccup's neck and pulled him down for a longer kiss when he tried to pull away, licking at the hot chocolate on his lips.

"You're right," he quipped when he pulled away, loving the slightly dazed look in his boyfriend's green eyes. "It is good. In fact, I think I want another taste."

Hiccup snapped his teeth at Jack and kissed him again, Jack's fingers weaving through his hair.

He could be a little late for work.

2. Snowballs

"And Gobber told me that he thought my idea for theâ€¦Jack?" Turning around, Hiccup scanned the trail for any sign of where his boyfriend had gotten off to. "Jack?" he called again. He was right next to him! "Where are yo-

His question was cut short when a snowball hit him in the back, sending the uncoordinated youth toppling to the ground in an ungraceful heap.

Hiccup rolled over, bringing one mitten clad-hand up to wipe the snow out of his eyes, and heard Jack laugh.

The white haired teen came out from behind a large tree, blue eyes sparkling with mirth.

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game! Going up against this much raw... viking-ness! There'll be consequences!" Hiccup warned, propping himself up on his elbows to glare at his boyfriend. Jack smirked down at Hiccup and raised an eyebrow. "I'll take my chances."

Hiccup broke into a smile, reaching a hand up to Jack. He reached down and grabbed his hand, only to be pulled down to the ground and get a handful of snow to the face.

"Ha!" Hiccup exclaimed while Jack sputtered indignity, swinging a leg over the blue eyed teen to pin him to the ground.

Jack shook the snow out of his face just as Hiccup settled down on his stomach. Jack glared up at the bigger boy. "That wasn't fair," Jack pointed out. "Neither was your ambush," Hiccup returned.

Jack tried to hold his glare, but then Hiccup gave him that crooked smile of his and he found himself grinning right back.

Hiccup shifted a little, leaning down so that he was holding himself above Jack, hands planed in the snow by his head. He opened his mouth but Jack cut him off.

"I love you, Hiccup." The Viking looked at him like he'd grown a second head and Jack's ears turned red. For a few moments Jack wondered if he had made a mistake, if it was too soon to say those three little words.

But then Hiccup beamed at him and leaned down. He stopped just shy of contact and looked Jack in the eye.

"I love you, too, Jackson Frost," he whispered against his lips.

Jack grinned again and pulled Hiccup down all the way for a kiss.

* * *

><p>A.N. Okay, so I'm taking requests! So if you wanna see something happen, tell me in a review or a PM and I'll try my best to fill it! Send prompts!<p>

3. Coming Out

"Are you gonna tell him?" Hiccup sighed. Shoving the last book into his backpack he grabbed his phone from where it was pinned between his shoulder and jaw.

"I kinda have to, Jack. He'll find out on his own soon enough anyway. You know what he always says: _Nothing happens in the town that I don't find out about_."

"Well, just know that I'm here for you, Hic. I gotta go pick up Emma from dance. Love you."

Hiccup smiled at his boyfriend's words. "Thanks. I'll tell him tonight at dinner. I love you, too, Jack."

"Alright, call if you need me. Bye."

"Bye." Hiccup slung his backpack over his shoulder and slipped the phone into his pocket.

As charming as Berk Academy was after hours, he'd much rather be at home.

As soon as he left the warmth of the school the chill in the air had him pulling his jacket closer to his body. He sighed, at least it was Friday and he'd get to work at Gobber's atto shop tomorrow.

Just the thought of a day surrounded by grease and spare parts made him relax.

His thoughts carried him home, snapping back to reality only when the warmth of his house hit him.

A fuzzy shape wound through his legs as he took off his coat and he grinned down at the large black cat nuzzling his ankle.

"Heya, Bud. How are ya Toothless?" he picked up the cat and hugged him, the feline showing his approval with an almighty purr.

Hiccup scratched the cat behind the ears as he walked into the kitchen and set him down.

Acid green eyes narrowed at the human and Toothless followed him to the fridge, mowing.

After feeding Toothless, Hiccup dug through the cabinets, pulling out the ingredients for his father's favorite meal.

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Hiccup was just pulling the roast out is the oven when he heard the front door open and a booming voice call his name.

"In here, dad!"

Stoick came in to the kitchen just as Hiccup was fixing up the plates, his imposing figure filling the doorway.

The two Haddock males sat down to eat, tense small talk passing over the table in mumbled tones before lapsing into a thick silence.

Eyes flicked from the food on the plates to the walls and back, never quite meeting before scuttling away.

Near the end of the meal Hiccup sighed and set his fork down. Taking a deep breath, he started.

"Dad?" Stoick looked up, seemingly surprised. "I need to tell you something."

The police Chief perked up, leaning forward in his seat.

Hiccup shifted under his father's expectant look and second guessed if this was really the best idea.

"Um, I've been seeing someone and I'd like you to meet them."

A grin split Stoick's face, barely visible beneath his thick red beard save for the crinkling around his blue green eyes.

"What's her name?" Hiccup felt his heart drop at his father's ecstatic question. He was past the point of no return now.

"Jack. His name's Jack." His words were timid, all the courage he had gathered dissipating into thin air. He braced himself for the judgment that was sure to come, but it never came.

Green eyes cracked open, peeking at his father from across the table.

Stoick was staring at him, lips soundlessly repeating _his name's Jack _over and over, with his thick brows kitted together.

"Does he treat ya right?" of all the things Hiccup was expecting to hear his father say, that wasn't even on the list. And so his reply was a very well spoken, "What?"

"Does he treat ya right?" Once the words sunk in Hiccup nodded, a small smile tugging at the edge of his lips. "Yeah, dad, he does."

Stoick sighed, one hand rising to rub at his temples. "Does he love you?"

The younger Haddock's cheek burned, but he nodded again before realizing that his father's eye were still closed and giving a verbal response.

"He does. And I love him." He couldn't stop the silly little grin from forming, nor could he hold back the borderline dreamy tone his voice took on without his consent.

Stoick looked back at his son, catching sight of his face before nodding. This went against everything he'd been raised to believe, but he hadn't seen his son look so happy since his mother had died. Deciding that that was enough, he spoke. "I'd like to meet this boy."

Hiccup looked at Stoick with wide eyes and sputtered for a response. "So you're okay with this? With me being-"

His rambling was cut off by his father's intent gaze. "Son, if this boy really loves you and you love him, I'm happy for you."

Hiccup bolted from his chair and flung his arms around his father's neck, hiding his face in his massive shoulder.

"Thanks, dad."

* * *

><p>Got a request? Leave it in a review or send me a PM!<p>

4. Meet the Father

Jack fidgeted, shuffling in place. "Hic, are you sure this is a good idea? What if he does not like me?"

Hiccup gave Jack a dry look, pulling on his hand to get him to walk up the driveway. "I told you what he said. He is cool with me dating you and just wants to meet you." Hiccup stopped pulling and looked Jack in the eyes, one hand reaching out to cup a pale cheek. "Besides, who could not like you?"

"Mr. Black. And all of our other teachers." Hiccup rolled his eyes at the name of their English teacher. "Come on, Jack, you know he only dislikes you because you would not date his daughter."

"The girl talks to plants!" the white haired teen defended. "Plus, I do not swing that way."

Hiccup batted green eyes in a mock swoon. "That is one of the many things I love about you, Jack."

Before Jack could make a snappy comeback, Hiccup pressed on. "And not all of our teachers hate you; Mr. North and Miss. Ania like you well enough."

"Well, they are different."

Instead of giving a reply, Hiccup just pressed a fast kiss to Jack's lips and pulled him along again.

Jack let out a very childlike whine but allowed himself to be pulled along anyways.

As soon as Hiccup opened the door Stoick was there.

Jack swallowed nervously at the sight of Hiccup's father; why did he not tell him that he looked like he could crush him like a grape?

Stoick was huge, at least twice Jack's height with a broad frame to match. His hair and beard were a tangled mass of red hair, only the lightest tinge of gray shooting through it. Seeing the police chief now, Jack had no doubts about why Burgess was a practically crime-free city.

Hiccup squeezed his hand, a silent reminder that he was there, and Jack felt a little more at ease.

Straightening his shoulders and standing a full height, he held out one slender pale hand with the grace that would have made colonial women swoon.

"Hello Mr. Haddock. I am Jackson Frost."

Stoick narrowed his eyes at the boy's white haired, dyed that way out of spite for his parents no doubt, and took his hand, pumping once before letting go. The boy had his ears pierced, a little black stud shining from each lobe.

"It is nice to meet you, Jackson." The response was tight and something in Stoick's eyes was far too familiar for Jack's taste.

Jack put on a bright smile to hide the hurt of the instant serotype.

An awkward silence filled the room and Hiccup coughed. "Shall we eat?"

The question seemed to snap Stoick out of his glare and he nodded. "Yes, yes of course."

As he led them to the small kitchen Jack reached out for Hiccup's hand again, clinging to his fingers tightly. Hiccup squeezed back and gave him a smile over his shoulder.

Once everyone was settled at the table, food already laid out on it, Stoick announced that it was time to eat and started to pass the plates of food around.

Jack helped himself to a little of everything and glanced at Hiccup who had a surprising amount of food in front of him.

His eyes were drawn to Hiccup's father when the large man cleared his throat.

"So, Jackson, how did you and Hiccup meet?" The question was awkward at best and Jack could not help but wonder if the tenseness in the room would ever go away.

Jack shifted in his seat. "Oh, um, we met in school. We are in three of the same classes." The white haired teen flashed his boyfriend a small smile before turning his eyes back to the eldest Haddock. "We did not really talk much until the end of last semester when our math teacher suggested the he tutor me."

Stoick raised a thick brow. "So you are bad at math than?" There was no denying the patronizing tone used and Hiccup could practically feel his father's judgment spiking.

Jack flushed, a deep red painting his pale cheeks, and he stammered. Why did he have to stutter when he got nervous?

"Um, n-no sir. As it turns out Hiccup is an amazing teacher so now I

am almost top in the class, only behind Hiccup of course."

"What do you do outside of school? Do you have a job?"

Jack brightened up at that. "Yes, Sir! I have two." Jack was pleased to note the Stoick seemed surprised at that.

"I work nights at the Ice Rink, mostly concessions and the like but sometimes I get to help with the classes and drive the zamboni. On the weekends I work at The Warren Bakery."

Stoick gave Jack a calculating look. What kind of home life did this boy have if he had to work two jobs? While Stoick was all for hard work and physical labor, that seemed a little much even to him.

"What about your parents? What do they do?"

Jack's face became cloudy at that, something sad and pensive simmering in his eyes.

Stoick did not miss the way the boy huddled in on himself as if he had been struck nor did he miss the way his son reached out for Jack, one hand curling over his shoulder in a soothing manner.

"With all due respect, sir, I would rather not talk about hem right now."

Stoick gave his son a questioning look but Hiccup just shook his head, mouthing _I'll explain later_. Deciding that it was best to drop it for the moment, the oldest Haddock changed the subject.

* * *

><p>"Bye Mr. Haddock, it was nice meeting you!" Jack called over his shoulder as Hiccup led him out of the house.<p>

Only when they had made it to Jack's car, an old run down pick truck, did Hiccup speak.

"I-I am sorry he asked about your parents Jack, I know it is still a touchy subject for you."

Jack just shook his head and pulled Hiccup in for a hug, a mumbled _it is not your fault_ getting lost in the boy's auburn hair.

"I have to get home, Emma will be back soon," Jack said in to his shoulder. Hiccup nodded and pulled back a little, pressing a light kiss to the edge of Jack mouth.

"Did you hear from the lawyer yet?"

Jack sighed. "Not yet. Manny said that I have a good chance of getting granted custody, but we will not know for sure for a few more weeks."

"I am very proud of you Jack. What you are doing, it is just incredible. Your parents would proud too." Jack gave a teary smile. "Thank you, Hic."

With one last hug and a lingering kiss, the two boys parted.

Hiccup stayed outside, snow crushed under his boots and caught in his hair until Jack's taillights had faded from view.

With a heavy sigh he carded his hand through his hair and turned back to the house.

His father was in the living room when he got inside and he sat down across from him. The TV was on but Stoick was watching it with disinterested eyes. When he put it on mute, Hiccup knew his father wanted to talk and he had a fairly good idea what, or rather who, he wanted to talk about.

"Alright son, tell me about that boy. Why won't he talk about his parents?"

Hiccup looked down. "They died, about two years ago. They were talking a family trip to Vermont and get hit in a bridge. The car went over the railing." Stoick winced but Hiccup could tell he still wanted to know more. Sighing once again, he seemed to be doing that an awful lot lately, he continued.

"His parents died on impact. Jack saved his sister and managed to get them out of the car before it went under water, but went hypothermic shortly after. He said that the doctors do not know why, but before he was released from the hospital his hair turned white." Stoick felt a twinge of guilt at that. Here he was assuming that his hair was dyed.

"They moved here when their grandpa Manny took them in."

"Manny Tulsa? The old man who lives by the lake?"

"Yeah. Anyway, he's going for custody, so he can look after Emma full time. He wants to save up enough to get a apartment so they can move out on their own."

Okay, so that is why he had two jobs. Stoick could feel his respect for this kid going up by the minute. Just one more thing.

"His ears, they're pierced. Why?" Hiccup smiled. "That was for Emma. She wanted to get her ears pierced but then he took her to get it done she was scared. He got his done to show her that there was nothing to be afraid of."

Stoick processed this new information before nodding. "He sounds like a responsible kid."

While responsible was not a word that one would be inclined to use when describing Jack, Hiccup could not have agreed more.

Standing from his chair, he let out a yawn.

"I'm gonna go to bed. Good night father."

Stoick smiled at Hiccup and waved him away. "Goodnight, son."

Hiccup trudged up the stairs, patting his leg for Toothless to follow him, and fell on to his bed.

Before he fell asleep he sent Jack a text.

_Dad likes you. _

5. Visible

A laugh filled the air as Jack Frost flew over the Island of Berk, the North Wind sent him tumbling, only to wrap around his body and throw him back up into the air. With a wave of his staff, Jack sent a layer of snow down on the Island. He wasn't sure why he felt compelled to Shepherd the snowstorms, they came here on their own well enough, or why his snow was softer, kinder, than the ones that came from above, but he took pride in the fact that the people below, all of a strong, sturdy build, didn't cower inside their homes when the cold fell.

Vikings, he somehow knew on sight though he couldn't recall ever being told.

In fact, he was only ever told his name and that was all. Even the Wind, his constant companion, was silent on the matter. He knew that the Wind he followed had a mind of its own, she did like to play and blow him off course, but it wasn't much for talking.

Humans, well, he was learning not to go near the humans. He didn't know why they couldn't see or hear him, nor did he know why, or how, they could walk right through him like he didn't even exist. But he knew that it hurt when they did, and not just the stabbing warmth it sent through his stomach.

the warmth made him feel like he was missing something, and as a result, left him longing after something he could not even name.

The whole matter left a bitter taste in his mouth and made his head hurt.

Now, the other Spirits, 'cause that is what he supposed he was, a spirit, were a different matter entirely. They, unlike the humans, could see him. In his ten years he had only come across a few, a tiny hummingbird with a tooth clutched in her small hands and a rather large and grumpy rabbit came to mind, but they treated him no different than the Humans did after they found out that he was a Winter Spirit. They'd breeze off, mumbling about how his kind can't be trusted. how he was too unpredictable and dangerous. this hurt more than not being seen to Jack. the Humans' he assumed, couldn't help it. The other Immortals could, however, and that simple fact made their indifference hurt all the more. They knew he existed, they just didn't care.

The Wind blew him down on a thin current, making him land just outside of the woods. "Hey, take me back up! I do not want to be down here! Wind?" It whistled around his ears, playing with tufts of his snow white hair, to show that it was still there, but would not pick him back up.

He huffed and kicked at the snow, why did she make him come down here?

the sound of a laugh came from up ahead and a smallish boy came out of the woods, a large black dragon trailing behind him.

The boy stopped laughing and looked right at Jack. "Who are you?" the boy asked, coming closer. Jack looked behind his back, and saw nothing but snow and trees.

Turning back to the boy, who was watching him with an odd look on his face, Jack gestured to himself, jabbing a pale hand into his chest. "Me?" he asked in a cracked sounding voice.

His eyes widened, was he really losing his voice? Disuse, he summarized sadly.

When the boy nodded, Jack felt like he couldn't breath. "You-You can _see_ me?" he gasped out.

"Of course I can, why wouldn't I?"

Jack just laughed and rushed to the boy, quickly drawing back when the dragon growled and bared its teeth.

"Toothless, down," the boy warned, placing a hand on the beasts nose and pushing it down.

The dragon looked up with wide green eyes, reminding Jack of a giant kicked puppy.

"Sorry about that, he gets a bit protective around new people." When Jack just stared blankly back, still not fully comprehending that the boy could really _see_ him, _The boy held out a freckled hand. "My names Hiccup Haddock, what's yours?"

Jack coughed, trying to clear his throat. "Jack Frost." Tentatively, Jack reached for the offered hand, half expecting to pass through like he always did. When his hand met flesh and bone instead of air, he grabbed hold of Hiccup's wrist and ran his fingers over the warm skin, mesmerized. When he saw the boy shiver and move to pull his captive hand away, Jack dropped it with a guilty look. "Sorry," Jack murmured. "'s okay, you're just really cold." Hiccup gave what could only be categorized as an awkward just smiled back.

6. Trader's Son AU

Dark voices hit her ears, calling her name with nothing but ill intent. Only when the silence became too much did she give in and answer. A timid call of, "who's there?" was all the shadows needed to know that she was theirs now, and as one sickly, gray hand reached out towards her, nail as long and sharp as talons and fairly dripping with what looked like blood, they realized their mistake.

An ear splitting scream filled the air, but not from the girl.

As a blinding light spread out from around the child, the shadows screeched and shrunk back.

* * *

><p>Emma Frost shot up in bed with a gasp, breathing sporadic and

eyes wide. The Moon shone through the window, bathing the small room in a light blue glow, calming her racing heartbeat. Once she slowed her breath, Emma sighed and swung her legs over the side of her wooden bed. Across the room, she could the sound of Jackson's deep breathing and light snores.<p>

She knew that she should not wake him up; that he had worked all day and that she was a big girl now and should not run to her brother to fix her problems.

But with her nightmare so fresh in her mind, she could not bring herself to find the will to care.

Bare toes touched down on the cold dirt floor and a shiver of both excitement and cold ran down her spine; winter was on its way and Jack had promised that he would teach her how to Ice Skate this year as soon as the ice was thick enough.

Silently, she crept across the room, holding her stuffed lamb, now worn and dirtied with age, close to her thin chest. Emma reached out with a slightly tumbling hand and shook Jack's shoulder. The seventeen year old groaned in his sleep, mumbling something about hiccups and dragons before rolling over and nuzzling his pillow. Emma's brow frowned at this, wasn't the boy that lived on Berk named Hiccup?

Deciding that she would ask about his dream later, she reached out and shook his shoulder again.

This time, one dark brown eye cracked open, squinting at her through a half closed lid.

"What is it, Emma?" Jack mumbled, words thick with sleep and jumbled together.

"I had a bad dream, can I sleep in your bed tonight?"

Jack's eye closed. "Ya know you are getting too old for this, right?"

Tears filled Emma's eyes, she was scared and he was going to make her sleep alone!

"I know," she whispered softly, turning back to her bed with a muffled sniffle. Jack caught her wrist and she turned back to look at him with confused and glassy eyes.

He rolled over and pulled his wool blanket back in invitation. When Emma just stared at him he closed his eyes again. "I said that you were getting too old for this, not that I was turning you away," his voice softened. "I could never say no to you when you are scared, Em. You mean the world to me."

Emma let out a squeal that would have woken their parent had they been home and climbed in to Jack's bed.

As she fell asleep that night, tucked safely under her brother's arm, the sound of his steady heartbeat lulling her to dreamland, she had no way of knowing that the next time she had a nightmare it would be filled with the echoing sound of breaking ice, sloshing water, and

tearful cries of her brother's name. Yes, the next time she had a nightmare, there would be no comfort found in the bed across the room.

7. PNAU

Hiccup fumbled with his locker combo, holding his backpack up with one knee.

His hand slipped, bag falling to the ground, and he cursed under his breath as his books slid across the floor.

Locker forgotten, Hiccup set about gathering his books, reaching for one that got a bit farther away than the rest when a pale hand grabbed it first.

Green eyes snapped up to meet blue, the newcomer grinning as he handed Hiccup his book.

The punk held his gaze, tongue darting out to push at his lip ring.

"Hey, dork."

Hiccup just glared and bit his lip.

"Hey, Jack."

They dropped the act, both boys, a nerd and a punk, breaking into giddy smiles.

Hiccup stood and finally got his locker open. He was halfway through putting his books away when two strong arms wrapped around his waist.

Jack perched his chin on Hiccup shoulder. " 'Hey Jack'? That's all I get?"

He turned to nuzzle the smaller male's neck, lips brushing just behind his ear. "I missed you, Hic."

Finished with his books, Hiccup closed his locker and turned in Jack's arms, his own looping over the troublemaker's shoulders.

"What were you expecting Jack?" Hiccup said in a deadpan voice. " A kiss?"

When Jack gave a very serious nod, Hiccup grinned. "I think I can do that."

Jack was going to say that, yes, he damn well could do that, but Hiccup just leaned up and kissed him, lips moving softly. He smiled into it and kissed back, for once happy to be back at school.

8. Cuddles

Hiccup sighed and nestled deeper into Jack's chest.

After almost a year of being apart his soldier was home, and Hiccup didn't plan on letting him out of bed anytime soon.

Jack tooled on his side so he was facing his boyfriend and opened groggy blue eyes, pale fingers playing with the hem of Hiccup's green 'My hero wears dog tags' Tee-shirt.

A lazy grin spread across both faces.

"I see you," Jack whispered.

Hiccup closed his eyes, knowing the meaning behind the words.

When they were in school they were both invisible. Jack the troublemaker who made a mess of everything and Hiccup the Useless who could do anything right.

It really was a no brainer when they bumped into each other in the halls, seeing the best in the other and loving the faults.

Hiccup gave a breathless laugh, eyes opening. "I see you, too."

Jack rose a hand to his face, running the back of his knuckles over a freckled cheek. "I missed you, you know. Everyday, thinking of you, that's what kept me going."

Tears welled in green eyes and Jack wiped them away as soon as they fell.

"I love you, Jack," Hiccup whispered back, not wanting to speak any louder for fear that this was only a dream, Odin knows he'd had them before.

But when Jack leaned in, declarations of his own love being affirmed in hushed tones, Hiccup knew this was real, that Jack was really home for good. He smiled against his lips at the thought

9. Nightmares

Hiccup, oddly enough, woke up in the middle of the night by being smacked in the jaw by his still sleeping boyfriend. The first hit he waved off, too far gone to hear the soft cries coming from the white-haired male.

The second hit had his eyes shooting open, green obs peering through the darkness at the sleeping Winter Spirit.

The Viking shifted closer to his immortal lover, callused fingers carding through white hair.

Jack let out another whine, words like no and please don't sleeping passed his lips on shortened breaths.

Jack had told Hiccup about his nightmares, about how he would dream of waking to find that he was invisible again. It wasn't the first time this had happened, so Hiccup repeated the motions that worked in the past.

Moving so he was sitting astride the Spirit's thighs, Hiccup pressed himself close to the other boy, meaningless words drifting from his lips.

It only took a few minutes for Jack's thrashing to still, the hellion's brow losing its pained pinch.

Rolling onto his side, the Dragon Trainer stayed pressed to the other, arms wrapped around his waist.

Jack let out a sigh, nuzzling his face into Hiccup's hair, icy breath ruffling the auburn strands.

10. Meet Hiccup

Jack was almost bursting with excitement as he drug his friend into his house. "Mom, Dad! There's someone you've got to meet!"

Despite his calls, it was Emma that came out first, the brown-eyed girl latching on to her big brother.

"Jack, look! My tooth is all wiggly!"

Letting go of Hiccup's hand Jack scooped the five-year-old up, holding the lanky girl on his hip. She opened her mouth and Jack poked a pale finger in, nudging the tooth in question.

"Jack, what is it?"

Hiccup looked over and saw a thin woman walked towards them, whipping flour on her apron.

She had toffee colored skin, dark hair shot through with rainbow streaks.

Her eyes were a dark shade of blue, almost looking purple in the right light.

Jack let Emma slide off his hip, once again taking hold of Hiccup's hand.

"Mom, this is Hiccup. He just moved here from Greenland! Isn't that neat?"

Ana held out a hand to the auburn haired boy, giving him a light shake.

"It's nice to meet you, Hiccup. I take it you're a friend of Jack's?"

Green eyes flicked over to the blue-eyed boy, unsure. Could you be friends with someone you only knew for a day?

Thankfully, Jack answered for him. Throwing an arm over the other's thin shoulders, Jack beamed up at his mother. "Of course he is! We're gonna be best friends!"

Nodding, the mother turned her eyes to Emma and reached a hand out to her.

"Jack, why don't you and Hiccup go play in your room while Em and I finish making dinner. You're father's not home yet."

Smiling, Jack tugged Hiccup up the steps, a yelled, "Okay!" getting thrown over his shoulder.

11. HiJackson

Hiccup sighed and leaned back into Jackson's chest, one freckled hand reaching up to play with the tips of chocolate-brown bangs.

The trader's son smiled and leaned down, pressing a lazy upside down kiss to Hiccup's lips.

Hiccup smiled and pulled away, turning so he was sitting across Jackson's thighs.

Green eyes met brown, both sets crinkling at the corners due to the silly grins on both faces.

Then they were leaning in, free to display their affections for one another in the privacy the Cove offered.

Hiccup looped his arms around Jackson's neck as the other boy snaked his around the Viking's waist, pulling him closer.

Hiccup sighed when he felt something wet prob at his lip and opened his mouth so the other boy's tongue could enter.

"Jack," Hiccup moaned, pulling away to pepper kisses across Jack's cheek.

Across the Cove Toothless saw the display and rolled his eyes; humans were weird.

12. Kisses

Hiccup squinted at his best friend, trying to see what the pale boy had behind his back.

In all the tears he had known him Jack was always so sure of himself, strutting around like an immortal being.

So why was he stammering, cheeks flushed to a deep shade of red that Hiccup thought should really be illegal, and hiding something behind his back. His blue eyes were wide as he stared at Hiccup, looking for all the world like a little boy caught stealing cookies.

"What do you got there, Jack?" Hiccup asked, standing on his tippy-toes to see over the slightly taller boy's shoulder.

He was rewarded with a shrug of blue hoodie clad shoulders and a shake of a snow-white head.

"See, I can't tell you that, Hic. It's ruin the surprise."

Jack's smile had turned into a self-assured little smirk that made

Hiccup want to both smack him and throw him down and take him then and there.

He halted that train of thought, wondering just when his wanting to sleep with his best friend became a common place thought.

"Though," Jack continued, his new plan already half-formed. "You're into nature so maybe you could tell me if this is what I think it is."
"

He pulled his hand from behind his back, holding out a little green sprig covered in tiny blue berries.

Hiccup's eyes shot open. "Why do you have Mistletoe, Jack?"

Grinning, Jack held the little plant up over their heads. "So I can do this," he said, lips pressing against Hiccup's.

Hiccup squeaked, shocked, but wound his arms around Jack's neck pulling him closer.

End
file.